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The poor princess

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Chapter 1 by S ARah S ALeh

Another after another. Seeing all these women seeking love to the prince Richard's heart. He doesn't seem to have found the right one. They come coming with flowers and gold but he still does not care. His father seems furious, begging his son to marry a wealthy princess. How evil she may be, if she is rich his father does anything.

My name is Mary and I am a cleaner in the castle, I have never had any interests with what the prince have decided. I know that these people helped me from slavery. Even though I am cleaning and "acting" as a slave to them they still treat me as human, giving me somewhere to sleep and food. I have also good friends here, the cook James is such a nice person! He bakes cookies for me every friday. Today was my responsibility to clean the house.

The king and queen are leaving for an arrangement in a different country for a week and I got the job to clean the whole castle and James cooking everyday meals. The other workers got the chance to go home and meet their families. I don't have a family so I wanted to stay. But I do not know why James decided to stay too, I could cook if he left and he said that he has a wife at home. The only people that will be living in the castle will be me, Prince Richard and James.

Tomorrow the king and queen will be leaving.

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Chapter 2 by Keurlock

Prince Richard sat on his throne

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I felt his intense yet soft eyes watch me sweep through the hallway, as my dirty dress swept through the wind. I didn't like attention, especially from a royal. It was like I had to keep up an act to meet their expectations.

It made me uncomfortable.

I took a quick glance at him, I immediately met with his charming eyes.

Although it was a quick glance, it felt like forever. It made me swoon a bit. His soft, intense purple eyes that looked at me with feeling, his rough brown hair that he flipped ever so gracefully, but the way he was looking at me. It was difficult read his intelligent mind.

He functions differently than the other princes you see in the fairytales. He defeats the purpose of stereotypes. He's different.

You'd think he'd desire a beautiful and wealthy princess.

You'd think he'd be proud, and headstrong.

Nope. He was more quiet, mysterious, and thoughtful.

The king disapproved of this behaviour. He was going to be King someday, he shouldn't have been acting this way.

I felt bad for him sometimes, we "slaves" could hear the king's furious shouts from the basement. But he knows his place, I think. He's never really stood out, gave an opinion, nor shown any interest in anyone.

It seemed a bit cute.

"Your meal is ready, my prince" James said as he entered the room bowing. "Ah, I see. Alright then" Prince Richard said getting up from his seat. I set aside my broom "I'll escort you into the dining room, your majesty" I said bowing my head and lending out my hand.

He approached me, his white suit was visible from afar.

He touched my hand.

I don't know why my heart fluttered. Yes, he has no interest in me, and so do I. Yet it felt magical, like jumping into a garden of roses. He walked behind me, his hands on my back, yet the fragrance and beauty was a distraction. I felt his breath on my neck, his hands on my hips, our footsteps echoing through the room. I felt his hand on my waist, his fingers tracing the curve of my back.

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We arrived in the long, big dining room, where the chandelier glistened and the jewels sparkled. It was empty, making the room enormous than usual. "Thank you for preparing this for me" Prince Richard said gently "But I will be unable to finish this on my own. Care to join me?"

My eyes widened "What?" I thought

"But, your excellency, isn't that a bit-" James stuttered

"None sense. Come join. All those rules, they truly have no meaning" he answered calmly.

I blushed. Why? I don't know

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